

# OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND  
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE ~  
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE  
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR  
THEMSELVES"

U.S. TRADE MARK, REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS  
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION  
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS ~  
THE AMERICAN HUMANE  
EDUCATION SOCIETY

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HIGHLAND CATTLE, LOCH KATRINE

Photo Edwin Levick, N. Y.



No. 17 B

## Panama-Pacific International Exposition 1915

There will be a humane exhibit, financed and managed by the San Francisco Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, housed in a building especially erected for the purpose by the Society in the Department of Live Stock, and devoted exclusively to an intelligent and constructive portrayal of the present status of the great world-wide movement which has as its object, "kindness to every living creature."

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# Our Dumb Animals

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FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM  
The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, The American Humane Education Society, and The American Band of Mercy



I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners  
and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—Cowper.



Vol. 47

Boston, March, 1915

No. 10

His attitude toward animals is a fairly trustworthy test of a man's character.

"Organized insanity"—this is what someone cleverly called the excited competition with which, before the war, European nations piled up armaments in the name of peace.

We have never been able to understand the man who is very fond of some animals and totally indifferent to the fate of others. Even a snake has a claim for humane treatment.

Because great armaments didn't make for peace in Europe, and because we want peace, therefore let us have great armaments. This seems to be the argument that certain celebrated U. S. Senators are urging in Congress.

Every man who has faced the cruelties of the slaughter-house, and felt a vital sympathy with the wretched victims who die amid its horrors, sees, at many a table, a vision of the shambles almost as effective to spoil the feast as was Banquo's ghost.

Our claim has long been, that the cruelties connected with the slaughter-house once clearly understood, no man is humane who continues to eat the flesh of animals killed for food unless he is making an honest effort to secure for these victims of his appetite as painless a death as possible.

A man's moral nature cannot be shut off from the rest of him by impenetrable bulkheads. If there's any goodness in him some of it will be found in all his compartments. If he is kind to animals you may expect this kindness to reveal itself in his relationship with men and women and children.

There is no single goal that humane societies should set before themselves as that of the practically painless death of food animals. More cruelties are associated with the destruction of food animals than with all man's other dealings with the creatures below him. A hundred million cattle, sheep and swine are killed annually in our slaughter pens. Stunning before the use of the knife—this is our goal. Anything less than this is barbarous and cruel.

The adherents of the Peace Movement should, however, call men's attention to the fact that the destructive rage against members of the same species, such as men practise in war is . . . very rarely to be observed in the animal world.

MAGNUS SCHWANTJE.

"The first horse which Mahomet ever possessed was one he purchased of the Beni Fezara, for ten ounces of silver, and he called its name Sakb (running water), from the easiness of its paces."

Muir's "Mahomet."

"Mahomet attributed a particular blessing to the possession of goats. 'There is no house,' he would say, 'possessing a goat but a blessing abides thereon; and there is no house possessing three goats, but the angels pass the night there praying for its inmates till the morning.'"

Muir's "Mahomet."

When my business rival is on the verge of bankruptcy why should I embarrass myself by increasing the cost of competition? If Germany and England and France and Russia ever want to join their forces against the United States, or attack us singly, it certainly will not be for some time after this war is over. Yet listen to the clamor for a great increase in our naval program!

The Boston *Transcript* publishes a letter written by Miss Elsie Burr, a nurse in the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris, who tells this incident:

There is a most interesting case here of a man who was in the trenches with eight other men. A bomb fell among them. It made hash of most of them, but this man, Etienne Jacquemin (a very brave, patient little soldier), had a dog named Fend Fair, who had followed him for months at the front. Etienne told me that the first thing he realized was that he was buried and would soon suffocate, so he called, as best he could, to his dog. The dog, which was unscathed by the bomb, heard his master's voice. Perfectly crazed he dug the debris away from his master's face and saved his life. They are both here now, and the dog, a brown and white setter, comes in and lies for hours with his head and paws on his master's chest. I wish you could have seen him the first time they let him in! I thought he would dig Etienne out of bed. Poor man, he is badly off, with one leg gone, the other leg pierced, both arms pierced, and his back burned. He is patient and suffers a great deal.

## DOOMED

This is the fate that awaits the majority of the horses that are shipped from our ports to Europe. We have done all we could to stop this traffic in those noble servants of mankind. We tried to have horses included in the bill that was introduced into Congress by Mr. G. M. Hitchcock of Nebraska, which sought the prohibition of the shipment from this country of arms and ammunition. Mr. Hitchcock wrote that he thoroughly sympathized with us and says, "I thought seriously of including them, but I came to the conclusion that to put them in would only increase the opposition to my bill which is already so great as to make it very difficult to secure a favorable committee report." Mr. Hitchcock is no doubt right. We question the possibility of obtaining any favorable action on his bill. Men with guns and shells and powder to sell will spend all the money necessary in Washington to prevent any legislation that would curtail their profits. Letters from all over the country, from every reader of *Our Dumb Animals* to President Wilson, will help him to know the sentiment of the country, and he might urge Congress to act.

Meanwhile we can do something—it costs more than writing letters, but it is a service to the poor dumb victims of war—we are watching the many shipments of horses from the Boston port. Our agents make sure that veterinarians and proper attendants are present when the horses are transferred from the trains to the ships, and that there is no cruelty. So far the horses are proving of an unusually fine grade, and are being carefully and humanely handled. We watch them go their way with heavy hearts. The long voyage, the seasickness many of them will suffer, and the death that awaits them—all combine to make such a shipment a sad affair. Are they forgotten? Does no eye follow that horse-freighted ship? Does no one care except those who buy and sell them? If not a sparrow falls unnoticed, then surely not one of these many thousands meets his doom with none to care. However it seems, there is something at the heart of the universe that is neither indifferent nor cruel.

F.H.R.

If there is in the affairs of mortal men any one thing which it is proper to explode, and incumbent upon every man by every lawful means to avoid, to deprecate, to oppose, that one thing is, doubtless, war.

ERASMUS (1515 A.D.)



# Great Birds of the Sunny South

How Kindness Has Tamed Some Species That Are Naturally Very Wild and Shy

By WINTHROP PACKARD, Secretary-Treasurer of the Massachusetts Audubon Society



**W**ILD birds often seem to be able to distinguish friends from enemies in a way that is quite uncanny to the casual onlooker. To some one person they come fearlessly though they remain far out of reach of another. Often people say that they know their friends instinctively, yet it is probable that this interesting knowledge is

based on acute observation and rapid reasoning rather than instinct. Wild creatures must learn their lessons in one season, for the penalty of not knowing them is too often dire disaster. Once I fed regularly a school of minnows until they became so tame that they would eat out of my hand held just beneath the surface, and some would even allow me to take them gently out of water, showing no alarm. By putting crumbs in shallow water I could coax them up almost on to the beach. Once, I unwisely counted the school by spreading a net in the shallow, luring them over it with the usual crumbs, then lifting it. I caught about two-thirds of the school, counted them, then put them back in the water, unharmed but somewhat frightened. The next day I tried it again, but not one fish would come over the net which I spread in the shallow in the same way as before. The captured fishes had learned their lesson in one session. But more than that had happened. The other third of the school, though it had not been caught, refused also to come into the shallow where their comrades had been taken, nor did any ever come into the shallow again, though I fed them in deeper water for weeks after that. Did those caught tell the others, or did they learn by observation? I know only that they learned and I am quite sure that they reasoned in acquiring the knowledge.

People who feed the wild birds in winter find that the birds soon come to know them. A

Belmont friend of mine used every morning to rap an English walnut on the sill of his open window. A white-breasted nuthatch knew the signal and would fly to his hand and take the nut-meat from between his fingers. Sometimes my friend used to hold the nut-meat tightly and make the bird work to get it. One morning the nuthatch, hammering at the tightly held morsel, struck the holder's thumb at the base of the nail. The blow hurt, and involuntarily the fingers parted and released the meat. The next morning, without any preliminaries, the nuthatch hammered at the same place. He knew, and he had learned his lesson in one session too. That looks to me like acute reasoning. It is a smart boy that does as well.

The people who live in Florida, or who are fortunate enough to visit there in winter, find not only sunshine and warm air but many large and interesting birds. Among the largest of these are the brown pelicans and few birds surpass these in their interesting ways. Almost all the brown pelicans of Florida gather in November at their nesting-place on Pelican Island in the Indian river. There, on a few acres of low, level sand, about three thousand birds nest and bring up their young. They have always clung to this nesting-place, though in former years through great trials and tribulations. A dozen years ago, to shoot these great birds was a favorite pastime of cruel tourists, and the birds knew to a yard how far a shotgun would carry. They would sit on their eggs or by their young until the approaching boat was within a few feet of gunshot distance, then the thousands of sitters would go into the air as one bird, with a great roar of flapping wings, and sail about just out of reach of the shotguns until men and menace had passed. Then, eagerly and watchfully, they would come back to their nests again.

Much of the wanton cruelty to the wild birds of Florida has of late years been stopped through the efforts of the Audubon Societies. Pelican Island is now a reservation with a loyal and efficient warden in charge and the pelicans have so

learned to trust man that, escorted by the warden, one may walk among them while they are sitting or feeding their young and, if the visitors proceed slowly and gently, the birds take no fright. They have learned that the island is a sanctuary and trust man there, though away from it they fear him still.

Other great birds of Florida that have sadly learned to fear man are the white herons. Once, the wonderful white herons, known as egrets, were so numerous that at certain seasons their



"JACK" AND "JILL" AT THE BATH

They are pet white herons of Mrs. L. H. Toussaint of Rio, Florida



"BETTY" AND "DIXIE," SANDHILL CRANES

They share the lawn at Kissimmee, Florida, with Mrs. Minnie Moore-Wilson and eat from her hand, while "Efaw," the collie is by her side

flocks whitened the savannas for miles. Then came the cruel craze for their nuptial plumes for women's wear. "Aigrettes" were—indeed in some benighted minds still are—fashionable, and the vast slaughter of the beautiful birds for their plumes went on so relentlessly that the species was almost exterminated. As in the case of the pelicans, the Audubon Societies stopped that. The breeding places of the last of these beautiful birds were made reservations. Wardens were placed in charge, and scattered remnants of the former millions were saved to continue the race. These birds learned the lesson of fear too well for the race to forget it for many generations. Today the visitor to Florida has little chance to see them. They shun man, flee at sight of him and breed in the midst of most inaccessible swamps. Yet, they do not shun all men. Some, by persistent kindness, have tamed egrets. Mrs. Toussaint of Rio has a pair that live in the yard like chickens, feeding from the hand, enjoying a shower from the hose and taking a tub as one may see in the illustration. Jack, a sandhill crane, is another of Mrs. Toussaint's pets.

Sandhill cranes are great wild birds which have been so persistently hunted that they are in danger of extinction. The sandhill cranes breed in the northwest, but winter in the south. In Florida they range through the wildest and most inaccessible portions and only the wariest

and most persistent sportsman can get within gunshot of them. In the same way he who hunts with an opera-glass may follow for miles, lured by their weird cackling as they fly, before he has a chance to see them standing alert and suspicious at the side of some lagoon. Usually the distance at which they must be seen at all is so great that it taxes the power of a good glass to bring them near. I remember stalking a flock of them once from dawn until nearly noon, led by their cackling in the distance, but only once did I get a glimpse of them. Then they were in flight along the horizon, writing a moving message in what seemed to be Greek letters.

Yet, at Kissimmee, Florida, is a pair of sandhill cranes, "Betty" and "Dixie," that live about the house of Mrs. Minnie Moore-Wilson as free and friendly as the collie dog. Indeed, they have much the character of a high-bred dog and show a wonderful degree of intelligence as well as affection. Dixie grew up a rollicking tease, tame but not caring to be petted. Betty wanted recognition, delighted in petting, and while folded in her mistress's arms would utter little coos of complete comfort. While the master of the house lay critically ill for months it was pathetic to see Betty and Dixie come again and again to the window or into the hall, peering into the room, disconsolate that they remained unnoticed. The two birds delight to play with a soft bath towel, rubbing themselves with it, drawing it over the back and through between the wings and the body over and over again. Dixie, the male, loves music. He will stand by for half an hour at a time while his master plays the guitar, listening intently and ready to pick at the strings with his bill at a change of tune. Betty seems quite indifferent to music. These cranes do an eccentric dance that is always of great interest to onlookers. To start this it is enough to toss them a ball of Florida moss from a live-oak. They play with this, tossing it in the air, running about with outstretched wings, bowing solemnly to one another and to those present. This is a characteristic amusement of their tribe.

The Florida Audubon Society, working with the National Association of Audubon Societies of New York, is doing its best to preserve the Florida birds against the depredations of the plume hunter, the pot hunter and the careless or vicious tourist. Surely, birds like Dixie, Betty, Jack and Jill, the great grotesque pelicans, the spotless, beautiful egrets, are worth any amount of effort and money expended for their welfare. Florida's wild life is as great an attraction and as great an asset to the State as its blue lagoons, its sunny warmth and its fascinating resort-life.

#### BIRDS IN MOVING PICTURES

The moving picture men have invaded the federal reservations for birds and obtained some novel and interesting pictures.

Permits to "hunt with the camera" were granted only after eggs had hatched, and the operators were allowed to work only when accompanied by a warden, in order that the birds might not be unduly disturbed.

**Humane persons inspect their stables, kennels; personally attend to their pets; pension off or mercifully destroy old horses; protect the birds; place bird basins and fountains for the thirsty creatures, and report ill-treatment of animals to the authorities.**



OLD BIRDS AND YOUNG ONES ON PELICAN ISLAND

## More About Cage-Birds by A. C. TYNDALL

**S**UCH birds as parrots and parakeets and cockatoos may often be kept occupied and amused after showing signs of a restless mood, by giving them some small object to play with—a piece of stick or clothes-pin, or anything which might serve as a toy will do; but care should be taken that they are not offered anything which might prove injurious if swallowed, since birds in a state of confinement do not, it would seem, always exercise their natural instincts in rejecting that which is harmful to them.

Many bird owners maintain that to allow a bird out of a cage for exercise and such diversion as it can find in flitting around in wider spaces, is to cause restlessness when the bird is in the cage; but the writer has always found that without some such liberty being afforded, they became dull and depressed in spirits apparently, or showed a tendency to feeding more heavily than was good for them—just, it would appear, as a means of "killing time."

Birds, especially parrots and cockatoos, are often very amusing in their ways of finding diversion for themselves when furnished with the means; and conditions are then most favorable for teaching them anything desired, since they are more likely to be in a good humor and agreeable to do what is expected or wished of them.

It should be kept in mind that isolation for any but a short length of time is apt to make a small bird unhappy, especially if the surroundings are unfamiliar, one of the troubles of a small creature under these circumstances being the terror it feels on seeing things which are new and strange to it, and from which it cannot escape. For this reason, a bird is always more contented in cage life, if there are others with it or near it, even though they are not of its own species.

That instinct which leads birds to keep in flocks as much as possible, is probably largely owing to the feeling that in numbers there is safety or safety comparatively; and the fear of unknown objects, as well as the recognized dangers, is thereby lessened.

But just as a matter of sentiment and social feeling, birds—that is, most birds—show unmistakably a need of companionship.

The writer once knew a little lonely goldfinch in a cage, who was at great pains to cultivate the acquaintance of a domesticated crow who frequented the place. The same bird also on one occasion welcomed the visit of a sparrow hawk, who came to his cage with probably far from good intentions. The instinct which birds are supposed to have to warn them against their

natural enemies, seemed to be rather lacking in this case.

The attitude and manner of birds toward each other cannot but be interesting to the bird-lover. Besides the satisfaction of seeing the winged guests able to entertain themselves, the social opportunities afforded by having several birds in company instead of a solitary pet, will be found to bring out traits of personal character as well as that peculiar to the species, which otherwise would never be guessed, and which are of importance to every student of bird life, as well as the ordinary bird-fancier.

#### ON BOSTON COMMON

By LOUELLA C. POOLE

In that historic city park  
Whose tall and ancient trees  
And emerald turf, on summer days,  
Invite to restful ease

The weary dweller of the town;  
Here where the squirrels play  
At hide and seek, and pigeons brood  
Quite undisturbed all day;

And children romp, all unrebuked,  
And gambol on the grass,—  
Along the paths a blind old man  
Is daily seen to pass.

A well-filled bag strapped to his side,  
Among the hurrying throng,  
Quite cautiously, with sturdy cane  
He feels his way along,

Till reaching a familiar spot  
Beneath a favorite tree  
He takes his stand, nor notes the crowd  
That pause observingly.

But watchful eyes await his steps—  
From all the trees around  
The birds descend, and o'er the grass  
The nimble squirrels bound,

Who come to search his pockets deep,  
While from his open palms  
The fearless doves and sparrows take  
His generous proffered alms.

A charming sight—that figure quaint,  
Hands oped in offering,  
The squirrels bent on eager quest,  
The birds on fluttering wing!

Though fiercely shines the summer sun,  
Though deep the winter snows,  
Upon his kindly ministry  
The good man daily goes.

How eloquent the plea he makes,  
This old man, frail and blind,  
For mercy and the gentle art  
Of simply being kind.



"BILL" AND "PRINCE"

Bill and Prince, whose pictures we are pleased to publish, are owned by Mr. Charles Lauer, a leading undertaker of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

They are as black as coals, snappy and full of life, but when in a funeral procession they understand their business for they are fine mannered and even tempered. These beauties are sixteen hands high and their combined weight is 2300 lbs. This is an exceptional weight, for horses as tall as they usually weigh from 1400 to 1500 lbs.

They are five and six years old respectively and will work in any harness even if they were hitched to a plow. Their owner, Mr. Lauer, who is exceedingly kind to them, will never permit them to drink from the ordinary drinking trough for fear they might contract some disease.

Though their faces look gay and happy in their pictures they assume a grave and dignified expression when on duty, which would indicate that they understand the nature of their occupation. C. S.

#### FOR EVERY DRIVER

The Boston Work Horse Relief Association has sent out some excellent rules for the care and feeding of horses, a few of which we give here:

If it is necessary to feed in the street, unfasten the outside traces of a pair, and loosen the harness of a single horse, as they will rest much better that way. Especially loosen the hames and collar so that the shoulders can cool.

The large, galvanized iron pail with broad leather strap is, we believe, better and safer than the nosebag. The pail should be scoured out with boiling water occasionally.

Fasten a cord or strap from the pail to the belly girth, if the horse is in the habit of throwing up his head; but do not have this cord or strap too tight, for in that case the pail strap would cause a sore where it passes over the horse's head. A ring on the bottom of the pail is useful for this purpose.

Take pains to remove nosebag or pail as soon as the horse has finished, so that he can breathe comfortably.

Feed your horse at exactly the same hour every day, or else he will fret; and if you are obliged to work him before he has finished his grain, do not give him the rest of it later. Oats take about two hours to digest, and if the horse has in his stomach oats partly digested and also oats not digested at all, colic is very apt to result.

For the same reason, that is, to avoid colic, accustom your horse to drink before his noon feed, and do not water again until two hours after he has finished his grain.

#### FAMOUS WAR HORSES

No man has a greater regard and love for his horse than Lord Kitchener, and when his equestrian statue was being erected in Calcutta, he told the sculptor that it was not necessary for him to worry so much about the likeness of himself as to be quite sure that he did full justice to "Democrat," his favorite charger, says *Tit Bits*.

At the Royal United Service Institute are to be seen the remains of Napoleon's famous white stallion, "Marengo," while the following inscription marks the grave at Stratfieldsay of Wellington's famous charger, "Copenhagen," which died in 1835, at the ripe old age of twenty-seven. This charger was buried with military honors:

"God's humble instrument, though meaner clay,  
Should share the glories of that glorious day."

"Copenhagen," it might be mentioned, was the grandson of the mighty "Eclipse," and Wellington paid £400 for him. His powers of endurance were marvelous. "I rode him," said Wellington, "at the Battle of Waterloo from four in the morning until midnight. If he fed, it was in the standing corn, and as I sat in the saddle."

Another of Napoleon's war steeds was "Jaffa," buried at Glastonbury; while the last horse used by the Little Corsican was purchased at St. Helena. He was a small bay called "King George," but was afterward named by the Emperor "Scheik." Lord Cardigan's "Ronald," which he rode in the Balaklava charge, is one of the most famous horses in history; while the most famous horse in the American Civil War was General Robert E. Lee's charger, "Traveler," which died in 1872, the skeleton of which is still to be seen at Lexington, Virginia.

#### THE BUGGY MEANS THE HORSE

The man who has already convinced himself, through the careful advertising statements of the automobile and autotruck salesmen, that the horse is fast traveling into the past, will read with surprise the following from an article based upon the reports of the carriage industries of the United States:

"It appears now that the automobile hasn't even put a crimp in the buggy business. Statistics show that the buggy sales in this country last year broke all previous records, and reached the rather staggering total of 2,200,000. However, this is not so strange as it appears at a glance. There are just as many young fellows

and girls to do their courting nowadays as ever before; more in fact. And you can't drop the control of an automobile over the dashboard or wind shield and let the gasoline engine and front wheels plug along on their own hook."

F.H.R.

#### THE DUMB MARTYRS

By MINNIE L. UPTON

Hurried from pasture and field,  
Bidden from course and stall,  
Snatched from the shafts when the tocsin  
pealed

To arms, for the war-lords' brawl,  
Warmed by no patriot zeal,  
Calmed by no well-loved hand,  
Piteous, patient, without appeal,  
'Mid the shriek of shells, and the clash of  
steel,

They haste at a stern command.

Men have they loved right well,  
Finding them mainly kind;  
But these are *fleets*, in a frenzied hell,  
By rage and pain made blind,  
Spurring the dripping flanks,  
Lashing to break the heart,  
When the cavalry hurls its haughty ranks,  
When the huge gun-carriage sticks and clanks,  
And they cannot make it start.

Here, 'mid the ruin and wreck,  
One stumbles down to die;  
He lifts his head on a trembling neck,  
His sad eyes asking, "Why?"  
Wounded, and wild with pain,  
Senseless, masterless, mazed,  
One gallops unchecked o'er the blood-drenched  
plain,

Trampling the faces of the slain,  
Shrieking like demon crazed!

Thus still is the need for more,  
And still do the victims come,  
To face the steel, and the great gun's roar,  
Wondering, suffering, dumb.  
Ah, who but God can weigh  
The load of their misery,  
Heavier, heavier, every day!  
And who, with woe, shall the reckoning pay?  
For reckoning there must be!

But oh, is there not a place,  
Far, far from strife and pain,  
Somewhere in the worlds that sing through  
space,

Where these may live again?  
O Lord of realms unseen,  
Hast Thou not meadows bright  
Where they in peace may move between  
"Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight"?



DUMB MARTYRS IN A CAUSE THEY KNEW NOT OF

This view, reproduced from *The Animals' Guardian*, shows a team of horses in France killed by a shell from the "Jack Johnson" (big German howitzer), which also killed two drivers.



## HE READ "BLACK BEAUTY"



**I** WONDER how many feed dealers ever read the book "Black Beauty," asks a writer in *Flour and Feed*. Every man who has to do with animals or owners of animals ought to read it. I think I have gone through it about twenty times now and I will not venture to predict how many more times I will read it. Every owner of a horse who has a young son ought to see to it that his son reads it, for I don't know any better reading for young people. I usually carry a copy of it with me when I go traveling, generally a cheap paper-covered copy, for as a rule I give it away to some feed dealer.

A month or so ago I was obliged to make a trip and as usual put a copy of "Black Beauty" in my grip. After riding for some way I gave up my seat in the coach to a woman with two small babies and went out into the smoker. A few stations further on a man dressed in the uniform of an officer of the United States regular army came in and dropped into the seat beside me. We got to talking after a while and I asked him if he had ever read "Black Beauty," and he replied that he had. We then fell into a discussion as to the methods of treating horses.

I was very much interested in his description of the care and the feed that the horses in Uncle Sam's army receive. He told me of the devotion some of the men in his command had for their horses and mentioned one incident of how a man in his company gets up two or three times a night to look after his horse and see that he is comfortable. This private talks to his horse just like he would to a friend and the horse seems to understand him. It was decided at one time that alfalfa should be fed to the horses in place of timothy hay. Now Mr. Private did not understand the difference in the feeding values of these two fodders and while he received orders to feed but ten pounds a day to his horse he simply could not stand to have his pet cut down to but one-half the quantity that he had been receiving. His officers tried to explain to him but he got the idea into his head that Uncle Sam was simply getting stingy and so whenever he could possibly do so he would sneak twenty pounds or more of alfalfa into his horse's manger. He was caught doing this several times and warned but to no avail, and he was finally sentenced to a term in the guard-house for disobeying orders. While he was in the guard-house one of the officers went to him with a bulletin explaining the feed-value of hay and alfalfa and after much talking finally showed him that his horse was getting just as much nourishment out of ten pounds of alfalfa as he would have received from twenty pounds of timothy if fed with the same grain mixture. This is the first time within my knowledge where a man was punished for persisting in overfeeding his horse.

When the officer finished with his narrative I handed him the copy of "Black Beauty" which I was reading and asked him to present it to the private with my compliments. I can well imagine how that book will be appreciated by that soldier, who would rather go to the guard-house than see his horse suffer for the want of feed.

## CRIBBING

This vice may often be completely cured at the commencement by removing the animal from familiar biting places, by putting him into a loose box instead of a stall, by feeding from a trough on the ground or on the ground itself in a brick or stone-built box, with nothing to lay hold on, by a run at grass, or feeding only with long stuff, which occupies much time and gives



"BOB" AND OFFICER COMERFORD, STATION 16, BOSTON

This is one of the most attractive and best known police horses in the city, about which an enthusiastic correspondent writes: "Bob is not only good-looking, but he is really beautiful. And he's just as intelligent as he is beautiful. He is just a little mischief from head to foot—it just bubbles out, and you can't miss it in his eye."

the fullest functional activity to the salivary glands and some amount of fatigue to the muscles of deglutition. Punishment only answers while a person is present, and it is observed that many horses only do it when they think they are not observed. Increased labor and less time for amusement offer a cure in some cases. Other remedies tried are movable mangers, used only when feeding, close-fitting muzzles, throat straps of various designs, but all acting on the principle of producing pressure upon the muscles principally concerned in wind-sucking. That the strap is the most efficient remedy probably most will agree, and any objections to its employment are outweighed by the results.

E. L. T. in *Rider and Driver*.

## MAJ. JOHNSON TELLS GOOD STORY

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

You have so many good things in your paper, I want to relate to you a little story, the truth of which I myself will vouchsafe. A close friend of mine, Col. Chas. E. Wheeler of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, but formerly of Tipton, Iowa, was a lover of beautiful horses and has owned some very valuable ones. At this time Dr. Hatcher was proprietor of Hatcher's Humane Hospital, in Tipton. One of Col. Wheeler's pets, a beautiful bay horse, was taken sick and transferred to the H. H. H. Dr. Hatcher himself took care of the beast. He always spoke kindly when among his patients. He would say "poor fellow," "poor fellow," and pat them gently. Col. Wheeler's horse got well and was taken home. Nearly a year later, when the Colonel was riding with his wife and son on the streets of Tipton, this horse espied Dr. Hatcher standing in the public square. He began to nicker and turned and walked directly toward the Doctor regardless of how hard the Colonel tried to drive him straight. The Doctor patted and talked to him a while, then the Colonel and his family drove him on. Sometimes I wish I had as much sense of appreciation as Col. Wheeler's horse.

Most respectfully,  
OLIVER S. JOHNSON.

## STRANGE FEAT OF BUCKING BRONCO

By W. G. RUSHWORTH

There was nothing very noticeable about the little bronco, only she was known as a bad actor and therefore a good subject for a bucking contest. This incident occurred at an annual Fair held in a small town in southern Colorado. Of course there is always a bucking contest. On this day the pony referred to allowed herself to be saddled without much protest. All being ready, one of the best riders mounted her. Down went her head and into the air she shot as if from a catapult. She gave several terrific plunges and then, to the amazement of everyone, away went rider, saddle and blanket over her head and she trotted away free. Naturally it was supposed that the cinches were broken and you can imagine the surprise when on examining the saddle they were found intact and both fastened.

The way she had rid herself of the saddle was quite remarkable. Her withers being very low enabled her, when her head was down between her front legs, to give a kind of contortion and slip the saddle over her head. Of course the cinches were a little slack as, like any other bronco, she had swelled when they had been tightened.

## THE CRUELTY OF DOCKING

Never amputate a horse's tail; it is unlawful to do so, and is one of the worst forms of cruelty practised upon defenseless dumb animals. The agony of having the tail cut off is bad enough, but the horse is ever after doomed to the greatest misery that anyone can imagine who has been tormented by flies and mosquitoes and poisonous insects, and has no means of brushing them off his face or body. How long will men continue to be so unprincipled and dishonest as to take from a poor dumb beast the only protection it has against flies and insects? It is mean, contemptible, unmanly and everything else that is bad and wicked, this docking of horses' tails, and I go on record unqualifiedly as opposed to the heinous practice and denounce it with all my power of vehemence.

GEO. FOSTER HOWELL.

### AMERICA'S GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT Disarmament on the Great Lakes and the Canadian Frontier

From Dr. James A. Macdonald's *Forefathers'*  
Day address, in Boston, December 21, 1914

**T**HE greatest achievement of America is the joint achievement of her two English-speaking nations. That supreme achievement which North America can show the world is an international boundary line between two nations across which in a hundred years neither nation ever once launched a menacing army or fired a hostile gun. Think of that achievement! A thousand miles up the mighty St. Lawrence, a thousand miles along the Great Lakes, a thousand miles across the open prairie, a thousand miles over a sea of mountains—four thousand miles where nation meets nation and sovereignty meets sovereignty, but never a fortress, never a battleship, never a gun, never a sentinel on guard! Four thousand miles of civilized and Christianized internationalism—that is North America's greatest achievement.

And why America's achievement? Why America's alone? Not because these two nations are spent and wasted forces, degenerate sons of coward sires, weak to defend a national right, slow to resent a national insult. No redder, prouder, hotter blood ever beat in British veins than the Pilgrim blood of New England, the Cavalier blood of Virginia, the Celtic blood of North Carolina, or the blood of the Ulster Scot of Kentucky and Tennessee. The same blood, red, proud, hot, throbs through Canadian veins from Cape Breton to Vancouver. Not blood from Britain alone, but from France as well, and from Germany. All the great war nations of Europe, through the generations, have poured their best blood into the heart of America. If blood tells, that blood should tell in us. And that blood has told. The men of America, in the United States and Canada, have never belied their breed. On the battle-fields of the Revolution the American Republic justified its breed; and in the deadlier Civil War, with more prodigal hand, South and North alike paid the full measure of devotion to causes they deemed to be great. Canada's half century of national history has no war page, and no battle-field consecrated by the blood of her sons; but, not once or twice in Britain's bloodwrit story, the sons of Canada, by their deeds of valor in the Empire's wars, have proved to the world their British heritage.

No, whatever else may be true, Europe cannot say that North America's greatest achievement was wrought by nations of the lesser breed and the craven heart. Nor can it be said that this continent has been without excuse for war. Again and again questions have arisen, situations have been created, tempers have been aroused, which in other times and for other nations would have involved the excuse of national honor and vital interest, and the gauntlet would have been thrown down.

To all the boasted defense policies of the war-nations of Europe, North America offers straight contradiction, and through a hundred years of peace these two civilized nations have given to Europe's war lords the unflinching and triumphant lie. The Great Lakes are not barbarized by the black menace of forts and battle-ships, because the two nations they divide desire supremely to be free, are fit for freedom, and have each united all their peoples in unchallenged devotion to freedom's great experiment. Through this one great lesson in North America the American Republic and the British Empire are working into the public opinion of the world this maxim of international politics: Any nation that desires to be free and is fit to be free, and



### IS THERE, AFTER ALL, A MORE LOVABLE ANIMAL THAN A COW?

From *The Guide to Nature*, by permission of The Agassiz Association, Arcadia, Sound Beach, Connecticut  
Photograph by Brown & Dawson, Stamford, Connecticut

stands for national freedom, must be given freedom's unfettered chance.

What the sons in America have done on the Great Lakes, on the St. Lawrence, on the Niagara, and across the sweeping plains, the fathers in Britain, in France, and in Germany might do, ought to do, on the North Sea and in the Channel. It can be done on all the continents. The jungle can be made a neighborhood. The remainders of barbarism can be swept away on every boundary line. If America takes her stand and leads the way, all the continents will do it.

### WHAT MANKIND OWES TO DOGS

The domestic dog is the most complete, the most singular, and the most useful conquest that man has gained in the animal world.

The whole species has become our property; each individual belongs entirely to his master, acquires his disposition, knows and defends his property, and remains attached to him until death; and all this, not through constraint or necessity, but purely by the influence of gratitude and real attachment.

The swiftness, the strength, the sharp scent of the dog rendered him a powerful ally to man against the lower tribes; and were, perhaps, necessary for the establishment of the dominion of mankind over the whole animal creation.

The dog is the only animal which has followed man over the whole earth.

BARON GEORGES CUVIER.

### BREAKING THEIR FETTERS

By HELEN M. RICHARDSON

The papers chronicled, the other day,  
How "six big lions" broke their prison bars  
And ran wild through the crowded city streets.  
Brave, noble beasts, that in their native wilds  
Had once been kings. To cage a human king  
Would seem a crime; and yet, because, for-  
sooth,

The jungles cannot cope with manly (?) skill  
To save its monarchs from ignoble death,  
Or, what is worse, a captive's living death  
Behind strong iron bars, where men may gaze  
On royalty discrowned, these noble beasts  
From out their jungle homes are brought in  
chains,

In base captivity to end their days.

Escaped from bondage! Ah, what bliss, in-  
deed,

To feel no limit to the onward stride!

No fettering chain! no bars! What wonder,  
then,

They should "run wild"? Until mankind  
outgrows

His baser instincts censure not the beast

Who seeks his freedom, e'en as they would do.

I see no beauty in strength held in leash

That should be roaming jungle depths at will.

The infinite creator of us all

Made us free born, subject to no man's rule.

Blame not the kingly lion, then, when he  
Breaks fetters to regain his liberty.



## AN UNLEARNED LESSON

*"We bless Thee for our preservation"*

By EDITH M. RUSSELL

A YOUNG man tossed restlessly on a bed of fever. "It is a relapse," murmured the nurse, "and his chances of life are slim." But to the doctor's skill was added the prevailing prayer of many friends, and the young man recovered.

It was the glad season of Thanksgiving, and the convalescing man felt more than ever the impulse to render thanks for the great boon of life; for the promise of living again in the glad sunshine of a beautiful world.

"It will not be long," he whispered, "before I can ramble in the woods again. What a comfort, too, it must be to my loved ones that I was not taken from them! Life is indeed a boon!"

The days passed and strength came anew to the young man. His step grew alert and his hand became steady.

A little brown squirrel twittered in the branches in a beautiful hardwood grove. "Ah, this is joy!" cried his happy little heart. "I am possessed of no soul, yet I know there is a Creator who made these lovely woods, and gave me my trilling voice to praise Him."

He scampered joyously from branch to branch, stopping now and again to pick up a beechnut or an acorn.

"Listen! A step. I am not alone. Here comes a young man. His face is pale. The fragrant air of these balmy woods will do him good. He is not a small boy, so I do not fear that he will fire stones, nor try to frighten me. He is so big, and I am so small, yet we have something in common—we both enjoy the woods. I wonder—"

A bang—a puff of smoke—and the little brown squirrel's rhapsody and conjectures were ended, the limp body fell from the branch, and the young man sprang forward eagerly to pick it up.

The twilight threw a soft mantle of gray over the grove, and another squirrel went forth in search of her mate, whose coming had been long delayed.

"My little partner will come home late tonight laden with a nice supply of nuts for our cozy little home in the tree trunk," she mused.

Ah! A step further, and there lay her beloved little mate, cold in death and stripped of the handsome brush that is the squirrel's chief ornament.

"Man, the destroyer, has been here," she lamented, "and has taken all that I held dear. The stranger might have gathered the glorious autumn leaves, or clumps of velvety moss, but no; he wanted life, and he took it at the expense of our happiness."

The morning broke, and the dying leaves softly falling covered the forms of two little brown squirrels. This was no tragedy in the opinion of the young sportsman whose life had been recently spared. He jocularly showed the squirrel's tail to his friends with the remark, "That's all the luck I had yesterday with my gun."

## SAVE THE BIRDS!

That \$1,000,000,000 would be distributed among the pockets of the farmers, fruit growers and small consumers of the nation each year, is a conservative estimate of the gain through the saving of the birds.



## HUMANITY MARTIN

A fine Irish gentleman was Richard Martin, the member from Galway, in the British Parliament, in the year 1820. They told him he couldn't do it—persuade Parliament to pass legislation for the legal protection of certain animals. Richard Martin was not used to being told he couldn't do things. Generally, when his Irish heart set out for a thing it got it.

Nine years before, in the House of Lords, Lord Erskine, proposing similar legislation, had been laughed down, had taken his seat amid jeers and cat calls. The member from Galway was made of different stuff. Someone jeered at him from the rear when he introduced his bill. He immediately challenged the unknown offender to a duel. The offender was glad to keep silence. The bill hung fire, but was passed in 1822. It was very moderate. It asked but little on behalf of animals. We can more easily understand how it failed to extend protection to the bull, for that was in sympathy with the spirit of the age, but how it came to leave the dog also outside its provision we do not know. Still it was a beginning, a great beginning, the first legislation ever enacted, so far as we know, in modern times, for animal protection. There being no society to enforce the law it was inoperative. In 1824, Mr. Martin and some other friends of animals organized the society that later has become known the world over as the Royal S. P. C. A.

Richard Martin was a wealthy landholder, whose love for animals won for him while living the name Humanity Martin. He was born in Dublin, February, 1754, and died in Boulogne, January 6, 1834, seventy-nine years old.

F.H.R.

## OUR RESPONSIBILITY

Upon the great army of children in our public schools depends the future of this republic. In what more effective manner can abiding peace be established than in teaching peace in our schools, thus impressing upon the plastic minds of the growing youth of the land the principles of humanitarianism and the necessity for equity and fair dealing between man and man.

## FOREST FOLKS AT HOME

By JAKE H. HARRISON

Deep within the forest aisles  
Cooling breezes blow,  
While the verdant velvet leaves  
Flutter to and fro;  
Sighing with a lover's breath,  
Hear them whisper low  
While the daisies underneath  
In their beauty glow.

Dancing ripples in the brook  
Laugh as they go by,  
Flirting with the water ferns,  
Smiling at the sky;  
While the minnows, pleasure mad,  
Glisten in the sun,  
As they leap and dart about  
In their wanton fun.

See the robin come to bathe  
In the cooling flood,  
Weary, warm and thirsty, too,  
From his quest for food;  
See his wings a-flutter now,  
Watch the water fly,  
See him preen his feathers, too,  
While they slowly dry.

And that saucy squirrel there,  
Watch him frisk about,  
See the teasing rascal, now,  
Drive the robin out;  
Hear him chatter in his glee  
At the mischief done,  
Clap your hands and see him dart—  
Now the tease is gone.

See that awkward woodcock there,  
Boring in the ground  
In among that water mint,  
Where his food is found;  
Caution now, or he will fly.  
Ah, the timid thing!  
He has seen us and is off,  
Hear his whirring wing.

Forest folks are full of life,  
Interesting, too,  
And it is a pleasant thing,  
Watching what they do;  
Take your picture-gun along,  
Find their hiding spot,  
And each time you have a chance  
Snap them with a shot.

## A REFINING INFLUENCE

Among the many movements of our time there is none of which the value is less appreciated than that of animal protection. Whoever has watched animals closely and impartially must be convinced that they stand in a much nearer spiritual relation to us than the majority of people suspect. Not only on account of the animals themselves is their protection urgently necessary, but also as a means to raise the whole human moral outlook and the conduct of life.

It is extremely foolish to neglect their protection on the ground that the welfare of men is more necessary than that of animals.

The care of animals is not at all antagonistic to the care of men, but is, on the contrary, the noblest way of helping mankind; it saves men from sinking into brutality.

We at once open to men a source of the highest enjoyment when we awaken in them an understanding of the soul-life in animals.

He who can hear the song of a bird unmoved and without rapture, and who cannot discover in it the wealth of Love which constrains the little songster to pour forth his melody; he who does not delight in the boisterous jubilation with which the dog greets his human friends, in the faithful eyes of animals so full of expression, in the beauty and interest of their ways and actions; he who does not love to watch the free unfolding of their undeveloped natures—to him are wanting a joyous and a refining moral influence. Such a person is indeed incapable of a right perception of natural feeling.—Zürcher Blätter.

## Our Dumb Animals

Founded by Geo. T. Angell in 1868

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILL M. MORRILL, Assistant

Boston, March, 1915

FOR TERMS see last pages, where our report of all remittances is published each month.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited, and authors are invited to correspond with the EDITOR, 180 Longwood Avenue, Fenway Station, Boston.

### REMOVAL NOTICE

Exchanges and all others, please note that our new mail address is simply Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. The offices are in the new Angell Memorial Animal Hospital Building at 180 Longwood Avenue.

While we shall do our best to fill all orders for literature, supplies, and "Our Dumb Animals" promptly, it is possible that there may be some delays this month because of our removal.

### IN THE NEW BUILDING

This issue of *Our Dumb Animals* was printed while we were moving and is the first to be mailed from our new building. Before this reaches our readers we expect to be fairly settled, to have had our dedicatory services, and to have opened both the Hospital and the Dispensary. February twenty-fifth was decided upon as the day of dedication. Governor Walsh and Mayor Curley very kindly consented to be present and speak. In the next issue we shall have a full report of the day. F.H.R.

### MORE HORSES

The Department of Agriculture in its report issued January 18, 1915, estimates the increase in horses in the United States during the past year, on farms and ranges, as 233,000. This report does not take into account the horses owned in cities. The gain during 1914, 233,000, compares with a gain of only 67,000 in 1912. The present estimated number of horses on farms and ranges is 21,195,000. This number is being daily reduced by the shipment of thousands of these noble animals to Europe for purposes of war. F.H.R.

### UNBELIEVABLE

There is no law in Massachusetts making it illegal to sell milk handled under filthy conditions. This is the statement of the Mass. Milk Consumers Association in its plea for the Labor Clean Milk Bill, Senate 98. Out of every 1000 children born in this Commonwealth 111 die in their first year. Wherever efficient dairy and milk inspection has been established there the reduction in sickness and infant mortality has been greatly reduced. New York City's death rate for little children, in the thickly settled sections, dropped in six years from 144 per 1000 to 95. This striking decline has followed a better inspection of milk and dairies. Why should Massachusetts be behind so many other States by its failure to have the best regulations possible to save the lives of its little children? Every reader of our magazine in this State should do what he and she can to induce their representatives and senators to vote for the bill named above. We seek to guard animals from insanitary food, how much more helpless babies. F.H.R.

### THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED

No one believes today that the nations now at war wanted war. Grant, if we must, that certain military and diplomatic officials were responsible for the final outbreak, the rank and file of the people of England, of France, of Germany, of Austria and of Russia were not enemies. Indeed the citizens of these several countries in innumerable cases had been steadily growing more kindly disposed toward their neighbors across national borders. Fathers and mothers, wives and children, had you asked them, would have said, "Heaven save us from anything so cruel as war! War would wreck our homes, break our hearts, doom millions of us to perpetual sorrow and despair."

The bitterness that has come to exist between these warring peoples, let us remember, is one of the black, insensate things that war breeds. We who stand outside the raging storm of war should hold our judgment in suspense. The blind hate, born of the hot blood, and passion, and hunger for revenge that fighting men feel, leads them to vilify and accuse each other beyond reason. A nation's soldiers are only a fraction of its people, only a fraction of these soldiers are guilty of war's worst crimes. Whatever our sympathies, we must not forget that we have no right to denounce the mass of the citizens of these contending states. There is hate enough distilling its fatal poison throughout Europe without our adding to it by such a partisanship as could easily be engendered here. The German heart, and the French heart, and the heart of the average honest, daily-toiling Englishman and Russian is quite as trustworthy and as lovable as the average American heart. When the whole story is told it will be found that on both sides, in spite of all atrocities charged, deeds of unselfish heroism and noblest sacrifice were done, deeds that will make us proud that we are men.

We need not hate Englishmen to keep the good will of Germany. We need not vilify Germans to assure England of our friendship. When the day comes to decide the terms of peace, the fairer, the saner we have been in our attitude toward both the Germans and the Allies, the stronger our influence for good.

This war is too dreadful a thing to move any man who stands apart from it to hate. Pity for those struggling in the death grapple and the desire to serve them all when possible, are the only passions worthy of the human heart in an hour like this. F.H.R.

### HORSE AND CAR

The Boston *Transcript*, commenting upon the effect of the automobile upon railroad receipts from passenger traffic says, what many will hardly credit though the statement is unquestionably true:

But it is not all loss. The touring car has been a wonderful stimulus to travel. . . . There are a great many more people on the wing than would be the case had they to depend upon the trains. Nor does the increase in motor carriage appear to affect the number or value of horses. Last year there were more than twice as many automobiles in New York State as there were four years previously. But in 1910 there were 591,000 horses and in 1914, 615,000, worth \$142 on the average as against \$125 in 1910. This shows a great deal more traveling and a great deal more transportation business. F.H.R.

Bees work for man; and yet they never bruise

Their master's flower, but leave it, having done,  
As fair as ever and as fit to use,

So both the flower doth stay and honey run.

GEORGE HERBERT.

### TIME FOR PEACE

We do not want any peace to terminate this European war that is a makeshift. When arms are laid down it should be under conditions that will insure, as far as human wisdom can effect it, that they stay down. However, this does not mean that the rest of the world must stand by and say nothing till the warring nations have fought themselves to a finish and quit only because they have to. No nation any longer lives unto itself. Europe cannot live unto herself. Her present condition that excites the horror and the pity of mankind lays heavy burdens on every neutral nation of the globe, and the shadow of the crime that has destroyed Belgium and is wasting other lands falls athwart the threshold of every toiler in America, in China, in the islands of the sea.

What would be the effect if all the neutral countries of the world united in a firm, clear, friendly "note" to the nations at war asserting their conviction that the time had come when every consideration of humanity and every interest of the rest of the world, as well as the highest good of the belligerents themselves demanded peace; and a peace that should include in its terms such provisions as the reduction of monstrous armaments, the wiping out of those rings and vested interests that have fattened upon war through the manufacture and sale of armaments, and respect for the will of the peaceful inhabitants of every province as to their political relations?

Are we sure that the time has not already come for this word to be spoken? As a nation are we true to our high mission in an hour like this by waiting till further months of bloodshed and barbaric warfare are added to the history of this awful conflict? The feeling is growing here and elsewhere that all is not being done in this direction that ought to be done. F.H.R.

### SAVING THE CALF

We have contended for years that the wholesale and utterly improvident slaughter of young calves in this country meant a serious blow at its source to the nation's meat supply. This is particularly true of the destruction of the heifer calf. Dairymen and farmers, in their eagerness for milk, and so in their desire to get rid of the new-born calf, have long been selling their calves, often the day they were born. Millions of these little immature things are picked up by calf traders throughout the United States who travel about dairy regions for just this purpose. Little by little the statements of some of us who have become familiar with this situation appear to be gaining credit. The Philadelphia *Telegraph* says:

How does it happen then that the American butcher goes on slaughtering the American calf, slashing at the throat of the nation's meat and dairy supply without audible protest from any quarter?

The *Telegraph* evidently has not interested itself in what the humane societies of the country have done in the way of very "audible protest." It continues:

The heifer calf's place in our system of table economy is not a matter of guess work or theory. The calf that is eaten as veal never develops into beef, nor can it continue the race of its valuable kind. It is a contention of experts that a very definite reason for our dwindling beef supply is the unrestricted slaughter of very young heifers.

Let it be kept in mind that the heifer calf is the beginning of the nation's principal meat staple, and that their unlimited slaughter spells a meat and dairy product shortage to any people who permit it. F.H.R.

"Be Kind to Animals" Week, May 17-23, 1915. Humane Sunday, May 23.





Offices in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital  
Building at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;

EBEN. SHUTE, Treasurer;

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**Notice:**—The post-office address of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., and of its officers and agents, is Fenway Station, Boston, Mass. The location is 180 Longwood Avenue. The telephone number is Brookline 6100.

#### MONTHLY REPORT

Animals examined	5318
Fish peddlers' and hawkers' horses examined	96
Number of prosecutions	19
Number of convictions	17
Horses taken from work	127
Horses humanely destroyed	123
<b>Stock-yards and Abattoirs</b>	
Animals examined	19,689
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed	24

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals acknowledges bequests of \$750 from Mrs. Mary A. Follansbee and \$512.49 from Mrs. Frances F. Taber. It also acknowledges gifts of \$25 from Mrs. D. P. K. and \$20 from W. H., for the regular work of the Society; and, for the Angell Memorial Building, \$100 each from A. C., E. S. P. and "a friend"; \$50 each from S. A. D., J. S. G. and J. F. L.; \$37.50 from S. W.; and \$25 each from C. C. P., A. R. B. and "a friend"; and \$205.66, interest.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$525.45 from the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth F. Noble, \$62.35 from "a friend," \$48.08 from the Columbus (Ohio) Humane Society, and \$25.29 from a co-worker for the distribution of humane literature; and \$126.67, interest.

Boston, February 9, 1915.

#### TO BUYERS OF HORSES

In order to prevent fraud and deception in the sale of horses, the Boston Work Horse Relief Association has made the following contract with certain leading dealers:—

They will sell a horse "worth the money" to any person recommended by us, and in case of any dispute arising from the sale, they will abide by our decision.

No charge is made for this service. Apply at the office of the Association, 15 Beacon Street, Room 27.

Our own Society always stands ready to assist the inexperienced in purchasing horses.

#### COME AND SEE

We mean come and see our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and our new home. It has been made possible by a host of generous friends. It will be among the institutions of which Boston will be proud. We believe the better our Societies are known and the work they are doing understood the greater will be the number of our friends. We never needed friends more than now. We must raise a hundred thousand dollars to finish paying for our building. We have been confident that Boston and Massachusetts would stand behind us with generous support in this large undertaking. The service rendered city and state for half a century entitles us to this confidence. If only every animal lover in the Commonwealth were represented by a small gift—and all gifts are gratefully welcomed—our whole work would take a new leap forward.

F.H.R.

#### THE MAN vs. THE MONEY

A two million dollar order for war shells turned down—this was the newspaper story. A Mr. Clarence H. Howard, president of the Commonwealth Steel Co., of Granite City, Ill., so it was said, had refused such an order because he happened to have certain convictions concerning war. It was worth verifying. We wrote to Granite City and Mr. Howard's secretary sends us an interview between Mr. Howard and a reporter which we are authorized to regard as substantially correct. The order came indirectly. No pressure was brought to bear urging the manufacture of shells, but Mr. Howard makes the statement:

"All my life I have been working for the better protection of life. It would not be consistent to manufacture devices for the destruction of life. I do not believe in warfare and I, for one, will not further warfare. I don't care what others are doing and I have not criticised others. They can do as they like, but I don't want any gain that comes from bullets."

"I'll put it in another way," said Mr. Howard. "If every person in the world were to apply the Golden Rule, the war would stop in a minute. You are not living up to the Golden Rule when you kill people. This war is insane—a disgrace to humanity. We should live to do good in this world, and it is not doing good to shoot and kill."

All this strange lack of conformity to ordinary business methods, this unwillingness to share in any gain that comes from the violation of a deep conviction, finds its explanation, an explanation so simple that a child can understand it, in the fact that Mr. Howard's plant is known in the West as "The Golden Rule Plant." Known as such, and the honest effort is really made to have it true to its reputation. Of course a man believing in the Golden Rule couldn't make shells to blow his fellows to pieces in any such war as this. Among steel manufacturers one can't help wondering why Mr. Howard's seems so singular a case. Has the clever idea never struck him that he might make millions out of armor plate, shells and other similar devices and then use the millions to advance the cause of peace?

F.H.R.

#### MRS. POWERS' WORK IN KEENE

Mrs. Jennie K. Powers, agent of the Keene (New Hampshire) Humane Society, reports sixty-six cases investigated from October 12, 1914, to January 12, 1915, about one-third of which relate to animals. In two instances, court proceedings have resulted.

Trips were made to adjoining towns and the outlying districts, and horses, cows, hogs and hens have been inspected. Owners have been obliged to provide proper shelter and food for their stock, and in several cases they were severely cautioned against a repetition of the offense. Mrs. Powers spent much time in the

stock-yards and at the railway station, watching the cattle trains, on one occasion shooting a cow which was down and badly injured. She has also destroyed two horses and a dog.

During the three months four new members have been secured by Mrs. Powers. She has collected \$35 for the Society, received \$25 for shooting a horse, by special request, and \$11 from a church where she spoke on humane work.

#### BIRDS IN WAR AREAS

By EDW. FOX SAINSBURY



**M**AN quickly accommodates himself to new conditions of life. A man coming from a peaceful village and settling in London or Paris, where night is turned into day, finds the noise of the streets intolerable when he goes to rest after his daily work, and he regrets his dear, peaceful village where he could rest without any noise disturbing his slumbers, yet within a month he sleeps as well as he did in his former home. But the timid bird—surely a city's noise would never permit him of his own free will to choose a home in cities where millions of men, his natural enemies, dwell. Yet so it is. Year by year the number of wild birds increases in London, and nearly every species now lives in and around that city.

In war time who would believe that birds would not flee from the dangers of war? It would appear, however, that even the timid bird is not to any extent scared by shot, shell and bullet. It was expected that a huge migration of feathered fugitives would seek asylum on the eastern coast of England, but nothing of the kind has occurred. The motto of the bird is evidently "J'y suis, j'y reste"—"Let men and women flee, I remain!" and remain he does.

One strange thing has happened, however, with the migratory birds. Having the instinct to migrate, the restless birds feel they must "be off" somewhere, and some instinct tells them that to cross over the narrow seas from Britain, the usual route being via Belgium and the north of France into the very "jaws of death," were unwise. So this year a noteworthy emigration northwards has taken place. Whether they will find a new route to sunshine and warmth, it is too early to know.

Letters from the front often mention that birds, even living in the very midst of bombarded towns and villages, remain and get quite tame. Robins visit the trenches and are made welcome, for many a tender-hearted soldier thinks of his home where his children have been taught to feed the birds in winter, so he saves his crumbs and Cock Robin has a royal feast.

Stray dogs, and even a pig, come into the trenches for food, and being neutrals they often go over to the enemy, but return day after day and make their morning call on Tommy.

The same visits are made all along that long front, from the North Sea to the Swiss frontier, by bird and beast, and the same welcome is given to all. We have read letters from peasant heroes, fighting for the dear motherland, in which mention is made of visits from birds, dogs and cats, to the French trenches, and the pleasure such visits afford. On one occasion a dog had left the trench and had been wounded by a rifle bullet. In a second a young soldier rushed forward and seized his pet, bringing him back amidst the cheers of his comrades, for he faced instant death.

We are indebted for notes on bird life in the war areas to a member of "La ligue française pour la protection des oiseaux."

Folkestone, England.



## American Humane Education Society



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies and for prices of literature, see back pages. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

### Officers of the American Humane Education Society

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

P. O. Address, Fenway Station.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President;

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor;

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 Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California  
 Mrs. Richard C. Hogue, San Diego, California  
 Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Boise, Idaho  
 Mrs. Virginia S. Mercer, Salem, Ohio

### NO "SOUL-LESS ENGINE"

In a letter to *The Trollet and Pacer* for its Christmas issue, the Rev. Thomas Scanlan, of Babylon, Long Island, devoted a few vigorous sentences to the man who is indifferent to the horse because he has no real knowledge of him, never cared enough for him to consider his worth to the world, appreciates only the machine that is made of wood and iron. To this man he says:

"Return thou to thy soul-less engines of ghastly speed and appalling utility; build thou ever greater and faster and more dynamic ones and finally and at long last, when our patience shall be able to endure it no longer, take thyself off in one of them with all thy begoggled and grinning kind and leave us forever to the sweet green meadows, the un-tarred road and sanity our forefathers knew in appreciating the noblest of all the dumb servants that have been given to the children of men by the bountiful providence of Almighty God!" F.H.R.

### SEDALIA CHILDREN INTERESTED

Secretary E. W. Holmesley of the Humane Society of Sedalia, Missouri, ordering 500 "Be Kind to Animals" buttons, and a supply of pen-nants, for the use of children in the public schools there, informs us that his Society is accomplishing splendid results in the line of humane education. Talks on animals, illustrated by the stereopticon, are being given.

### "BE KIND TO ANIMALS" WEEK AND HUMANE SUNDAY

"Be Kind to Animals" Week will begin this year on Monday, May 17, and end with Sunday, May 23. The latter date will be known as Humane Sunday, and it is hoped that the observance may be general throughout the country.

Chairmen of committees have been appointed in nearly all the States, to take up the matter of this observance with local societies and interested individuals. In some States it is probable that some other week and Sunday may be celebrated as more convenient, but we trust that most of them will plan for the week beginning May 17, and ending with Sunday, May 23.

Newspapers everywhere can render the cause invaluable service by announcing these dates, and adding that particulars may be received by addressing Mrs. Mary F. Lovell, chairman, Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, or Guy Richardson, secretary, Fenway Station, Boston, Massachusetts.

Three distinct lines of campaign are suggested for this celebration:

1. Begin on Monday to visit schools and emphasize to the teachers the importance of humane education. Wherever possible have competent speakers address the children on kindness to animals, and, if practicable, follow this up by the organization of Bands of Mercy. (For free literature, address The American Humane Education Society, Boston.)

2. Carry out a campaign of education by giving the widest publicity to the work of the local humane society, throughout the week, and, if practical, hold a mass meeting in the interests of the "Be Kind to Animals" movement. Factory and mill operatives may be reached by special efforts, or an out-door rally might be held.

3. Observe "Humane Sunday" by trying to have every clergyman preach a special sermon on the subject, or, if this is not possible, endeavor to interest the Sunday-schools in the movement and also arrange for a special afternoon or evening service with appropriate exercises. (For literature, address The American Humane Association, Albany, New York, and The American Humane Education Society, Boston.)

### NEW BANDS IN YOUNGSTOWN

Systematic organization of Bands of Mercy in the public schools has been successfully undertaken by the Humane Society of Youngstown, Ohio. A campaign, started in the spring of 1914 by Miss Anna Woodward of Rochester, New York, was effectively renewed during the recent visit to Youngstown of Miss Elizabeth W. Olney of the Rhode Island Humane Education Society. Mrs. T. H. Bulla, a director of the local Society, who has been much interested in the success of the Bands of Mercy, writes that over twenty schools were visited in which 1246 children signed the pledge. It is only very recently that the organizers have been allowed to speak to the children during school hours, this privilege having been granted by the city superintendent of schools, who is heartily in sympathy with the movement. Many of the teachers are also taking up the work with enthusiasm, which gives promise of a very successful year along this line.

While in Youngstown, Miss Olney gave twelve addresses before children, and one before a Teachers' Institute, using lantern slides in each instance.

### OUR STAMPS IN JAPAN

We have recently received an order for 2000 humane stamps from Mrs. Etsu Q. Sugimoto of Tokyo, Japan, for the use of a new Humane Society lately organized in that city.

### WHERE IS THE TRUTH?

Among humanitarians, there are many, keen of intellect and cultured, who say:

Horses and mules should not be sacrificed to ruthless slaughter on the battle-fields.

Vivisection in all its forms should be abolished by law.

More animals suffer in being slaughtered for food consumption than under any other conditions. Meat should not be eaten.

The wearing of furs is a cruel expression of the vanity of mankind. It should not be sanctioned.

Out of the chaos of such arguments, one truth alone is irrefutable:

Just so long as men and women, bird and beast and fish and fowl, live together in this world, just so long must they all be dependent, the one upon the other. It is part of the universal kinship.

Admitting thus our mutual dependence and our universal kinship, lives there one who dares deny his duty to the voiceless of God's world, who would neglect to do his part in lessening the suffering which they endure that we may profit? L.H.G.

### BANDS OF MERCY IN MAINE

By ALICE MAY DOUGLAS

Most of the Bands of Mercy in Maine use large wall pledge cards upon which the members write their names. One laddie who shot two squirrels conscientiously erased his name. His conscience should have prevented him from breaking the pledge. One Sunday-school teacher uses a beautiful hand painted pledge card.

One school Band has a meeting every Monday morning, when the pupils tell what they have done for animals during the week. The one who has done the most wears the star badge for a week. This Band consists of the first and second grades and their teacher originates many ways of interesting them in animals. She has them make out of modeline birds' nests filled with eggs, with a little bird perched upon the edge of each nest. They have been told to bring in all the names of the city horses that they can—those used by the coal, wood and oil firms, the grocers, truckmen, etc.

Many schools use *Our Dumb Animals* in connection with their nature work. One subscriber to the magazine sends it after reading to Sweden.

The president of one adult Band heard that the boys were tormenting a horse in a stable in the neighborhood and complained to the officers who put a stop to their cruel mischief.

### THIS BAND STOPPED TRAPPING

The following is but an example of the splendid work being done by Bands of Mercy throughout the country. A teacher in reporting a Band from Marshallton, Delaware, writes that not only are her pupils greatly interested, but some of the parents are also members of the Band. She goes on to say: "Some of my boys had set steel traps for polecats and were loath to give them up, but I read them an article on 'Trapping in the North Woods' and they told me on Monday morning that every trap had been taken home. I think the Society will do much good in this neighborhood."

## A DOG'S SOLILOQUY

By SAIDEE GERARD RUTHRAUFF

As Sirius follows Orion, so Master I'd follow thee,  
Over the world and under the world and up through  
the Eastern sea!  
As a mother worships her first born, so Master I  
worship thee  
And I'd suffer the pangs of an endless hell if from  
pain it would keep thee free!  
As mothers forgive the last born, so Master I forgive  
thee,  
Thou art King! The King can do no wrong though  
my life he asks of me!

## A NOBLE DANE

My Dane was three years and a half old. So many say a Dane is vicious and treacherous! They surely never owned one and loved it. Mine never growled at the kittens which drank milk from his pan along with him. But here is what I wanted to tell:

Along last spring I brought home a young thoroughbred Scotch terrier. He was delightfully "sassy" and "scrappy" and I had some misgivings as to how he would impress the Dane. From the first it was a case of "my little brother." He would stand and take a mauling from the little fellow, allow him to pull his jaw as if it was rubber and actually chew his leg as if it was wood. He never did anything but smile—yes, a perfectly apparent smile.

The Dane never went away from home until "Jack" came. The little fellow coaxed him up the road half a mile or so every morning. One of these morning runs extended at right angle from the road down to the railroad track which runs through our place. The engineer tells the balance of the story. He says "Scotch" was on the track, the Dane way off at one side; as the train came in sight the Dane ran out and nosed the little fellow from the track, but was struck himself and "Scotch" came home alone. Lovely Dane! His life for his little chum.

H. E. T.

## DOG BARKS

A dog is a pet, a friend and a helper.

The confidence of a dog once lost is hard to regain.

There are occasions when it is up to the man to apologize to the dog.

In teaching tricks always reward the dog with some eatable when he accomplishes the trick properly.

A dog is a farm-hand, works for merely his board and keep and never asks for a raise in wages or for a day off.

Every family should have a dog; it is like having a perpetual baby; it is the plaything and crony of the whole family. It keeps them all young.

A dog can be so trained that he will watch a cat eat without attempting to touch the food himself, and will not allow anything else to molest it. Who says dogs have no sense?

When you go in a place and a dog comes around growling, don't pick up a fistful of stones. If you do, whatever be his nature, the dog will distrust you at once. Speak kindly, act as though you are not afraid of him, and he will reconsider and regard you as a possible friend, not as an enemy.

—Farm Journal.

## DOGS AND MUSIC

Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer, was not only devoted to dogs, but made a special study of them. The brilliant musician is reported frequently to have said that in the dog are embodied all the necessary conditions for the appreciation of music of every kind, and that the organ of hearing in a dog is of marvelous delicacy.

## Something About Dogs by ALEXANDER POPE

THE subject of whether or not a dog or other animal can reason has been written about so much by eminent scientists that it would be presumption on my part to argue the case, but in my own mind I am as firmly convinced that animals reason as I am convinced that human beings do; in fact, I have known of instances where the human reasoning power seemed to fall far short of that of a dog.

That dogs understand words more often than we give them credit for, I am convinced. My own dog, Bobby, a Boston terrier, convinced me of it every day. One Sunday, Bobby was asleep in his basket in the library and as I was putting on my coat down stairs, I called up to my daughter, who was in the room with him, that I was going to the post-office and would be back soon. If I had called to ask if any one had seen the morning paper, although in the same tone of voice, I am sure he would not have moved. But when he heard me say I was going out he immediately sat up and began to take notice. My daughter said, "Don't you want to take Bobby with you?" At that he jumped out of his basket and was all attention and excitement.



"BOBBY," A BOSTON TERRIER

To him everything depended on my answer. If I had said "No," I am sure he would have gone back to his basket and would have dismissed the incident from his mind, but I didn't say no; I said, in an ordinary tone, "Yes, he may go if he wants to." Upon that he tore down the stairs without any further invitation, wagging his tail and expressing, as well as a dog can, his delight at the prospect of going with me; then he ran to the front door and waited for me to open it.

My own dog was not the only one in the neighborhood that gave evidence of reasoning powers. My next door neighbor owned a handsome Irish setter, Rex, and two doors away on the other side of me lived Laddie. Laddie was one part bull-dog, and several parts other kinds. He was a demure old fellow, not very lively, and his face always wore a sad expression that gave him on the whole rather a pathetic appearance. One of his peculiarities was that he was never known to bark or make a sound. Rex, on the other hand, was just the opposite. He was young and vigorous, was everybody's friend and

was a great roamer, frequently being gone all day. As it often happens that men with natures diametrically opposite will be attracted toward each other, so Rex and Laddie became close friends, and we seldom saw one without the other. Rex soon persuaded Laddie to accompany him on one of his long trips—no one ever knew where they went, but the experience was evidently satisfactory to the older dog, for after that they invariably made their all-day excursions together. It was very amusing to see these dogs when they returned from one of their long tramps. Laddie always appeared pretty well tired out and trotted along after Rex, who showed his solicitude for his old friend and realizing his infirmity would go with him to his front door and bark until the door was opened. When he had seen Laddie safely inside his own house he would go home and bark at his own door until admitted. If this did not show reason it was certainly very much like it.

"The more I see of men the more I like dogs" is a statement that has been often quoted and credited to many famous persons. While it is but a paraphrase of the saying of Madame de Staël: "The more I see of other countries the more I love my own," it expresses in unmistakable terms one's respect and admiration for the dog. I should be inclined to modify it a little and say, "The more I see of some men the better I like dogs." And yet there are bad dogs as well as bad men; dogs with cowardly and mean dispositions. But as a class they certainly possess certain virtues which, I am sorry to say, are so rare in men as to be almost unknown. A dog's blind devotion to his master is often beyond our comprehension, and it is pathetic to see the delight shown by a dog when he receives the smallest kind of caress from a master from whom he usually gets kicks and blows. Forgiveness is another of a dog's virtues which it would be well for the human family to emulate. Some women have shown the same patience and devotion in return for cruelty, abuse and desertion from brutes who called themselves men, but to the same extent in man it does not exist. Certain kinds of dogs are more amenable to kindness and become more intelligent and companionable than others.

## FOUND

David is found!

David is the collie dog whose picture was published in *Our Dumb Animals* of January. He was lost, though it could hardly be said through fault of his. He was entrusted to the Express Company which was to take him to Nova Scotia, but David, intelligent and quick witted as he is, seized the opportunity to travel on his own hook and so lost his way.

His owner, who lives in Springfield, Massachusetts, made efforts to find him and sent his photograph to us which we were glad to publish, together with the facts relating to his disappearance, in the hope that some reader of *Our Dumb Animals* might recognize him and restore him to his anxious owner.

And this is just how he was found. A woman saw his picture in the magazine; knew where the dog was and at once telephoned the owner of his whereabouts.

David is at home again, as handsome and happy as ever. We have been assured that his mistress is deeply grateful to all who have assisted her in recovering her highly valued dog.

## THE DOG CENSUS

France has more dogs than any other country in Europe, its canine population reaching 3,000,000. Germany has 1,400,000, England 1,130,000, Sweden 513,000 and Ireland 366,000.

# Nero, the Carlyles' Dog by KIRK MANAHAN



OUR Nero was not the wicked Emperor who fiddled while Rome was burning, but a little white dog who took it into his head, one day, while his master was away from home on a short visit, to write him a letter.

Nero lived in London with Thomas Carlyle and his wife, where he had for his playmate a black cat whose name was Columbine. His master says that during breakfast, whenever the dining-room door was opened, Nero and Columbine would come waltzing into the room in the height of joy.

We should not expect such a letter as this one is from any dog; but Nero spent most of his time with his mistress, who was a very remarkable woman. He lived with her eleven years, and, being naturally keen himself, he learned many bright things. He went with her everywhere, but, through fear of dog-stealers, was usually led about the city by a chain. On long journeys by rail he was carried in a basket.

The "small beings" alluded to in the letter, called by Mrs. Carlyle "heralds of the morn," were roasted larks, a favorite dish of hers when dining alone.

Now for the letter:

"5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, Tuesday,  
January 29, 1850.

"Dear Master:

"I take the liberty to write to you myself, my mistress being out of the way of writing to you, she says, that you may know Columbine and I are quite well, and play about as usual. There was no dinner yesterday, to speak of; I had, for my share, only a piece of biscuit that might have been around the world; and if Columbine got anything at all, I didn't see it. I made a grab at one of 'two small beings' on my mistress's plate; she called them 'heralds of the morn'; but my mistress said: 'Don't you wish you may get it?' and boxed my ears. I wasn't taken to walk on account of its being wet. And nobody came but a man for 'burial rate'; and my mistress gave him a rowing because she wasn't going to be buried here, at all. Columbine and I don't mind where we are buried.

"This is a fine day for a run, and I hope I may be taken to see Mohe and Dumm. They are both nice, well-bred dogs, and always glad to see me; and the parrot is great fun, when I spring at her; and Mrs. Lindsay has always such a lot of bones, and doesn't mind Mohe and Dumm and me eating them on the carpet. I like Mrs. Lindsay very much.

"Dear Master:

"My mistress brought my chain, and said, 'Come along with me while it shines, and you can finish after.' But she kept me so long in the London Library, and other places, that I had to miss the post. An old gentleman in the omnibus took such notice of me! He looked at me a long time, and then turned to my mistress and said, 'Sharp, isn't he?' And my mistress was so good to say, 'Oh, yes!' And then the old gentleman said again, 'I knew it! Easy to see that!' And he put his hand in his hind pocket and took out a whole biscuit, a sweet one, and gave it to me in bits. I was quite sorry to part from him, he was such a good judge of dogs. Mr. Greig and wife, from Canandagua, left cards while we were out. Columbine said she saw them through the blind, and they seemed nice people.

"Tuesday Evening.

"Wednesday.  
"I left off, last night, dear master, to be washed. This morning I have seen a note from you which says you will come tomorrow. Columbine and I are extremely happy to hear it, for then there will be some dinner to come and go on. Being to see you so soon, no more at present from your

"Obedient little dog

NERO."

Nero's death was a tragical one. In October, 1859, while walking out with the maid one evening, a butcher's cart driving furiously round a sharp corner, ran over his throat. He was not killed on the spot, although his mistress says "he looked killed enough at first." The poor fellow was put into a warm bath, wrapped up in flannels, and left to die. The morning found him better, however; he was able to wag his tail in response to the caresses of his mistress.

Little by little he recovered the use of himself, but it was ten days before he could bark.

He lived four months after this, docile, affectionate, loyal up to his last hour, but weak and full of pain. The doctor was obliged at last to give him prussic acid. They buried him at the top of the garden in Cheyne Row, and planted cowslips round his grave, and his loving mistress placed a stone tablet, with name and date, to mark the last resting-place of her blessed dog.

"I could not have believed," writes Carlyle in the "Memorials," "my grief then and since would have been the twentieth part of what it was—nay, that the want of him would have been to me other than a riddance. Our last midnight walk together (for he insisted on trying to come), January 31, is still painful to my thought. Little dim white speck of life, of love, fidelity, and feeling, girdled by the darkness of night eternal."



"WHISPERING"

"Buster" and "Fluffy Ruffles," Eskimo pups

## A PLEA FOR OUR DUMB FRIENDS

By LAURA M. PARSONS

We talk about sweet charity  
And the Brotherhood of Man,  
That we must live the golden rule  
To carry out God's plan,  
And then forget the faithful friends—  
Dumb creatures God hath made—  
Who oft by us have been ignored,  
Too oft have been betrayed.

Would not our work be more complete,  
And seem, in truth, more just  
If we would be as true as they,  
And faithful to our trust?  
Let those who serve us feel the warmth  
Of true affection's glow.  
E'en though they cannot speak, 'tis true  
When we are kind they know.

## THAT DOG "TIZ"

By E. V. BENEDICT



HE was just a plain yellow dog, without any pedigree, but he was our dog and we thought all the world of him, just the same.

As to his name, well, a neighbor had promised us one and when we called for it he threw open the woodshed door and pointing to where a half dozen little beauties were playing about said, while a broad grin lit up his face,

"Well, here 'tis, boys! you can take your pick!"

That was in the halcyon days of youth when brother Lige and I were just school kids and like most other boys of our age not content without a dog. We thought we must have one at any cost. Why, at that time we would have given all our earthly possessions, consisting of a dollar watch, two jack-knives, a fish-hook or two and a gimlet, just for a dog of most any age, size or color, even if 'twas nothing but a pup.

Time and again we had been promised a dog only to find that promises like pie crust were easily broken. There was always one excuse or another. It is so easy to invent excuses for broken promises, wrong as it may be. So the winter wore itself away and melted into spring. The April showers had brought the May flowers in abundance. The little dog-house that we had taken such pains to build snug and warm for the winter months was still empty. All winter it had been hidden from sight under the great white drift. Now its little door stood invitingly open, letting in the sunshine, while the south winds played over it, but no little doggie came in or out; there was none to take possession.

Then one bright morning in May when the blossoms were falling like snow from the fruit trees, a very pleasant surprise came—something unexpected. We were busy about our chores as usual when dad fairly gave us a thrill by saying, "Now, boys, you can have that dog you've been teasing me so long about."

"Oh dad! Is that so?" we both cried in chorus as we danced around him for very joy. "Do tell us all about it!"

"Well," said dad in reply, "I've only been waiting till the little fellow was old enough to take from his mammy. There is a half dozen in the bunch, and Neighbor Brown says you boys can have the first pick. So you better call on your way home from school tonight and bring him with you."

We did, of course, and the strangest part of it all was that we should pick out the homeliest one of the whole bunch. But we were well pleased and proud of our prize just the same.

And, lugging him home in a basket, we both shouted gleefully as we turned him loose, "Here 'tis, dad! here 'tis!"



## THE SEVEN-TOED CAT

I sit upon the window-sill  
And watch the drifting snows,  
And count my many blessings  
On my pretty velvet toes.  
I might have been an alley cat—  
The sorriest thing alive!  
If on each little silver paw  
My toes had scored but five.  
For I was lost; so faint, and cold,  
It makes me shudder, now;  
But staggering to this friendly door,  
I weakly cried 'Me-ow!'

And my dear lady took me in;  
Ah, how my spirits rose!  
She said I'd make a hunter-cat—  
Thanks to my seven toes.

And so, I hunt the softest chairs  
And cushions in the house,  
I hunt my saucer-full of cream,  
But not the vulgar mouse!

Let hungrier cats the game pursue  
If they're to mice inclined;  
But 'tis a barbarous thing to do,  
Extremely unrefined!

It wakens horrid memories  
Of days when I was young,  
And harrows up my feelings  
Till my nerves are all unstrung.

For poor Aunt Tabbie, Uncle Nig,  
And Sister All-but-white,  
Were killed by cruel hunter-dogs  
All in a single night!

I'll have no blood upon my paws;  
Each little extra toe  
Shall stand for universal peace;  
I'll let the mousies go!

ALICE MACHARG FERRIL  
in *Rocky Mountain Herald*.

## In the Editor's Library

IN THE VANGUARD, Katrina Trask.

At a time when the whole world stands aghast at the sight of tens of thousands of men ruthlessly slaying each other on the battle-fields of Europe, this play, with its dramatic presentation of the horrors of war, comes most opportunely. The scenes are laid in no particular countries; the time is the present. The story shows the disillusionment of a young idealist, who, fired with patriotism, sees nothing but glory in war; but who, after enlistment, comes to realize the pitiful unreasonableness of it all—the wanton destruction of life and of property—and who emerges from the conflict with a broader vision and a deeper sense of the real meaning of "universal brotherhood." The many beautiful passages and the gripping dialogue give this book a high place in peace literature.

148 pp. 50 cents, net. The Macmillan Company, New York City.

THE BIRD FRIENDS OF A COUNTRY DOLL,  
Caroline Stetson Allen.

In these charming little stories, adapted to small children, there is taught much real kindness and thoughtfulness toward the feathered tribes through the adventures of two dollies and their many bird friends. The usefulness of birds to the agriculturist, their need of special feeding in winter, are touched upon, and an appeal is made against the wearing of wings and feathers on hats. The book contains five full-page illustrations in color.

61 pp. The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

THE ANIMAL SCHOOL, Frances Weld Danielson.

These six stories should prove of unfailing interest to the tiny tots for whom they are written. The animals of the farm-yard and of the woods have all the pleasures and the discomforts of their human friends; they go to school, take dancing and singing lessons, and have a picnic and a circus all their own, and their escapades are pictured in the full-page illustrations in colors, scattered through the book.

61 pp. The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

## CAT THAT PROTECTED BIRDS



A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Boston Evening Record* tells a remarkable story about the training of her kitten, which, if true, is worth careful consideration by those who think that cats cannot be taught to refrain from killing birds.

She says:

"My little daughter brought a little kitten home one day, and wanted very much to keep it. At first I objected, as we had a pet canary, and I felt afraid to have Miss Kitty stay, but the pleading of my little girl won out, so we took kitty in. I gave her one, then two, and finally the third lesson—that the bird was not to be touched by her.

"I placed the bird cage in a chair, close by, watching pussy at the same time. Every time she made an attempt to spring at it, I cuffed her and said, 'No, no! mustn't touch.'

"I had no more trouble, in fact, often set the bathing cup on the floor and let the bird come out and bathe. The kitten would watch and enjoy seeing him bathe, but never offered to harm him.

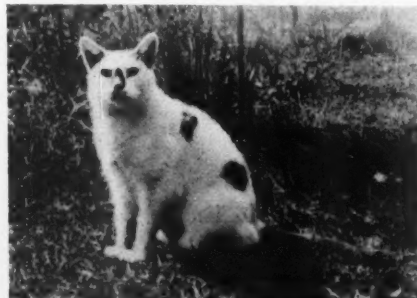
"When the cat was about five years old my little girl had several white mice given her. I had to go through the same training with them, after which she never offered to catch or trouble them.

"We kept the white mice in a little cage on a shelf out of the front attic window. One day the cat came into the house with something white in her mouth—by the way, she was a very dark tiger gray—and I said: 'What have you in your mouth?'

"She answered with a 'meow' and dropped the mouse, unharmed, at my feet. She had found it out on the lawn, where it had fallen, and brought it 'way around the house, upstairs to where I was."

The writer says there was something more wonderful about this cat when it arrived at the age of ten.

"My daughter brought from the country one summer a young robin, hardly feathered out—said she found it on the ground. We kept it, and made a real pet of it, first teaching our cat that it was not to be harmed. She soon became very fond of the robin, and would lie down and let it hop over and around her, never offering to catch it. We used to let them out in the yard together, the cat always on the lookout that nothing came in to harm her pet. But one day the cat came into the house for dinner and soon we heard a screeching and, on rushing to see what had happened, saw a strange black cat running away with the robin in its mouth. Our cat bristled up to twice her usual size and took after the strange cat, but to no avail—for the robin was dead."



"Oh, what a grand and glorious thing it is to be a cat!  
Yes, every day I live, I grow more positive of that."



A VERY KNOWING CAT

Owned by Delania W. Mahan, Saxtons River, Vt.

## OBJECTS TO CATS

Mr. Albert H. Pratt, president of the Burroughs Nature Club of New York City, takes exception to an article in defense of cats published in a recent number of *Our Dumb Animals*, and asks us to publish his statement that the popular impression that cats do a service in killing mice and rats is only partly true. He cites as "striking evidence" the memorandum of a New Orleans examining surgeon who, after fumigating a British steamer, which boasted a cat to keep away the rats, found, when the cabin was opened up, "not only the body of the cat, but twenty-four rats."

Mr. Pratt is also convinced of the danger of the cat as a distributor of disease, and cites a case in Hingham Centre, Massachusetts, where "the children of a family were all taken with scarlet fever, contracted from a cat who, in turn, took the disease from contact with a neighboring family, some members of which were suffering from the disease. The cat was examined by the Board of Health and was found to have a clear case of scarlet fever."

We heartily agree with Mr. Pratt in his contention that "those who have at heart the interest of animals, should do everything possible to spread a knowledge of the fact that when a contagious case is quarantined, the cat should be barred from the sick-room or from contact with the patient."

## KITTEN SAVES GIRL FROM DEATH

By S. C. HOLCOMB

Out in California a kitten saved a little twelve-year-old girl from probable death. The girl and the kitten went for a walk. After a short time the kitty returned alone and kept walking up and down in front of the girl's mother crying pitifully. It was trying to attract the attention of the mother and every time it thought it succeeded it would walk off and not seeing the mother follow, would return and cry all the harder.

Finally the mother noticed the performance and decided to follow the little creature the next time it repeated the affair, as she thought it strange it should act so.

The kitten led the way to the end of a recreation pier, where the child was found hanging head downward from a large spike in a pile. She had fallen from the pier and her clothing had caught on the spike.

Her mother immediately rescued her, but she was barely conscious. Had she remained in the position five minutes longer she would have been dead. It is needless to say how much the kitten was treasured ever after.



JOSEPHINE HORNBROOK, OF KANSAS CITY, MO., AND HER COLLIE

## The American Band of Mercy

Founded by Geo. T. Angell and Rev. Thos. Timmins

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President. GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary.  
E. A. MARYOTT and L. H. GUYOL, State Organizers

**PLEDGE:** "I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

We send without cost to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and address of the president:

1. *Our Dumb Animals*, for one year.
2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
3. An imitation gold badge for the president.

See inside back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Two hundred and sixty-six new Bands of Mercy were reported in January, of which 109 were in schools of Massachusetts, 44 in schools of Rhode Island, 37 in schools of Ohio, 24 in schools of Maine, 16 in schools of South Carolina, and 10 each in schools of Duluth, Minnesota, and Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania. The numerals show the number of Bands in each school or town:

#### Schools in Massachusetts

**Boston:** Francis Parkman, 12; Washington St., 2; Canterbury St., 2; Lowell, 14; Lucretia Crocker, 7; Wyman, 8; Robert G. Shaw, 9; Mt. Vernon St., 7; Henry Vane, 5; Germantown, 6; Florence St., 5; Charles Sumner, 8; Stephen M. Weld, 5; John D. Philbrick, 7.  
**Lynn:** Lynnholm; First Congregational Primary S. S.; First Congregational S. S., 10.

#### Schools in Maine

**Auburn:** Auburn.  
**Bath:** Primary; Winnegance.  
**Brunswick:** St. John's, 10.  
**Bryant Pond:** Bryant Pond.  
**Edgcomb:** Edgcomb.  
**Kents Hill:** Fayette, 3.  
**Lamoine:** Baptist S. S.  
**Livermore Falls:** Baptist S. S., 2.  
**Minot:** Minot.  
**North Edgcomb:** North Edgcomb.  
**Scarboro:** Beech Hill.  
**Manchester, New Hampshire:** Beautiful Joe.

#### Schools in Rhode Island

**Providence:** Harriett St., 5; Ring St., 7; Webster Ave., 8; Montague St., 7; Julia St., 6; Roger Williams Ave., 4; Middle St., 3; Division St., 4.  
**Fultonville, New York:** Mildred.  
**Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania:** Grammar School, 10.  
**Marshallton, Delaware:** Marshallton.  
**Baltimore, Maryland:** St. Johns.  
**Sumter, South Carolina:** Lincoln Graded School, 10; Stone Hill School, 6.  
**Macon, Georgia:** Anna L. Gordon L. T. L.  
**Crump, Tennessee:** Crump.  
**Laredo, Missouri:** L. T. L.  
**Beaver, Oklahoma:** Beaver.

#### Schools in Ohio

**Youngstown:** Market St., 8; Jefferson, 2; Fairmount, 2; Elm St.; Haselton; McKinley, 3; Washington; Dela-son; South Ave.; Caldwell St.; Steelton, 4; Poland Ave., 9; Boardman, 2; Unitarian S. S.  
**Chicago, Illinois:** Hayt School.  
**Maywood, Illinois:** Midgets.  
**Harbor Springs, Michigan:** Rainbow.  
**Waupun, Wisconsin:** Waupun.

#### Schools in Minnesota

**Duluth:** Washington; Webster, 2; Miss Wilson's Ele-mentary; Boys' Cathedral; Girls' Cathedral, 3; Radisson, 2.  
**Dighton, Kansas:** Dighton.  
**Golden, Colorado:** Golden.  
**Payette, Idaho:** Washo.  
**Welcome, Ontario:** Golden Rule.

**Total number Bands of Mercy, 95,141.**

### THE ANNIE L. LOWRY BAND

The Women's Pennsylvania S. P. C. A. recently held a Christmas festival and meeting for the Annie L. Lowry Band of Mercy. There were 210 members of the Band present, and each child was given a box of candy, an apple and an orange, these dainties being furnished by the trustees of Mrs. Lowry's estate. A very enter-taining letter was read from Mrs. Caroline Earl White, president of the Society, who was unable to be present, and an address was made by Mrs. M. M. Halvey, also of the Women's Pennsyl-vania S. P. C. A.

The Annie L. Lowry Band is growing rapidly. In the short time since the festival over 100 mem-bers have been enrolled. Miss L. J. Brooks and Mr. John F. Cozens, founders of the Band, are to be congratulated upon this splendid progress.

### BOSTON BANDS HOLD GRAND RALLY

Members of the Francis H. Rowley Band of Mercy, Brookline, the Oregon Street Band of Mercy, Roxbury, the Mission Church Band of Mercy, Roxbury, the Longwood Avenue Band of Mercy, and the South Boston Band of Mercy, gave a parade and entertainment in Grand Army Hall, Brookline, February 2, assisted by Band of Mercy girls from the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes Street, Boston.

### ONLY A DOG

Only a dog—but I love you so,  
And my world is full of—you.  
In my eyes you'll see just—love, love, love,  
And the love in their depths is true.  
When you took me I fell beneath your sway;  
I'm a fool at loving you since that day.

Our home to me is a mansion great,  
No palace with it can compare.  
If a dog comes here and "runs it down"  
I just growl deep and bristle my hair;  
I'll stand no nonsense of silly talk.  
If he doesn't go then—I tell him—"to walk."

I ask but little except your love.  
Without your praise—I want to die.  
If I see you laugh—I want to bark;  
If I see you cry—I want to cry.  
Then a scrap of food, and a warm shake-down,  
And a scamper sometimes outside a town.

For I'm only a dog, but I love you so,  
And when my time shall come to go  
To the land where dogs are taken—home,  
Why, won't you visit me? Don't say—No—  
I'm a fool at loving you since the day  
You found me starving and took me away.

MAY DU DENEZ in New York Herald.

### THE SQUIRREL'S MOVING DAY

Editor *Our Dumb Animals*:

Last April as I came through the park to my train I met a squirrel on the bridge. It had a big bundle of something in its mouth. At first, I supposed it was material for its nest. As it came closer I could see that the bundle was hung around the squirrel's neck. It reminded me of a feed-bag such as drivers use in feeding horses. The thought came to me that some one must have caught the squirrel and fastened the bundle to it.

In order for the squirrel to pass me, it had to pass within a few feet of me, and I could see plainly what the strange and mysterious bundle was. It was a young squirrel. The mother was "moving." The little one had its arms clasped around the mother's neck, and the hind limbs folded over the mother's nose. The mother evidently had hold of its body about the middle on the under side.

It is common to see mother cats and dogs carry their young to places of greater comfort or security. And I have several times seen mother mice do the same thing. But I had never before seen a mother squirrel do it. Nor have I ever read of it.  
J. HOWARD MOORE,  
Chicago.

### CANCEL THE UNKIND WORDS

Some of the older boys and girls have doubtless studied cancellation in school. But there is another kind of cancellation that can be used by boys and girls of all ages. For example, two boys were speaking of another boy:

"He is so slow in games," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "but he always plays fair."

"He is so stupid in school," said the first boy.

"But he always studied hard," answered the second.

Thus, you see every unkind word spoken by the first boy was cancelled by a kind word from the second. Suppose that the next time we hear an unkind word we try to cancel it by putting a kind one in its place. — *Apples of Gold*.

### HUMANE TEACHING IN DULUTH

Mrs. Sarah A. Turle has visited all the rooms in the public schools of Duluth, Minnesota, ad-dressing about 12,000 children, with the result that many Bands of Mercy have been organized or reorganized. Superintendent Denfeld of the Duluth schools requires every teacher to devote a given time each week to humane education.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## MARIAN AND HER PET RABBITS

By PAUL E. DENTON



**R**ABBITS have inherited ancestral tendencies to be wild, and prefer forest and woodland to parlor carpets and upholstered furniture.

But two of them, playmates of Marian Presley, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert D. Presley, of Chardon, Ohio, prove an exception.

These rabbits—Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy and Uncle Wiggly—have been constant companions of Marian for some time, and enjoy the freedom of the palatial Presley home.

They enjoy being picked up and petted, a most unusual thing, and will sit for a long time in the laps of visitors at the home. The little girl takes them out of doors and they never attempt to get away. They seem to know their names and will come when called. "Kitties are nice, but rabbits have got them beat," says Marian.

## BABY HAD SWING IN ELEPHANT'S TRUNK

A circus was passing through a country town. In the animal parade there were several elephants. The people stood watching the procession when a little baby, just able to walk, toddled out into the road directly in front of the elephants. Everybody stood expecting to see the little tot crushed by the big feet of the elephant. It was not so. The leader of the herd deftly and gently picked the baby up with his trunk and swung him out of danger, depositing him on the side of the road, none the worse for his remarkable swing in the trunk of an elephant.

## BUNNY BOY

By ELEANOR PEIRCE MARQUIS

*Child—*

O Bunny Boy in coat of gray,  
And vest of white, where do you stay?  
Lovely your eyes, nimble your feet,  
But tell me, what you find to eat,  
When the snow flies and the winds blow,  
O Bunny Boy, where do you go?

*Mother—*

We know our heavenly Father's care,  
Is o'er His creatures everywhere;  
He teaches them in Wisdom's way,  
Both how to work and how to play,  
So Bunny finds his bed and food,  
And doubtless thinks them very good;  
Upon the snow he frisks with ease,  
And yet his long ears never freeze.

*Child—*

Although I may not visit you,  
As I should greatly like to do;  
A lunch I'll set you every day,  
Dear Bunny Boy, in coat of gray.

## DOGS AND LITTLE CHILDREN

Look at a dog that has a good home, and especially one that is the friend and playmate of children.

See how proudly he carries his head, how his plummy tail waves like a banner, how eagerly he joins in their games!

He brings back the ball they have thrown; plunges into the water and swims after sticks, or toy ships that have broken cable and drifted beyond reach of their owners.

If there are little children, see how watchful and tender he is; gentle as a lamb, and ready to put himself between them and any real or fancied danger.

Do you know the true story about Greyfriars Bobby, the little Skye terrier of Edinburgh who stuck close to his master's grave for fourteen years?



IN ILLNESS OR INJURY THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE THE HOSPITAL



## WHAT THERE'S TIME FOR

Lots of time for lots of things,  
Though it's said that Time has wings,  
There is always time to find  
Ways of being sweet and kind;  
There is always time to share  
Smiles and goodness everywhere;  
Time to send the frowns away,  
Time a gentle word to say,  
Time for helpfulness, and time  
To assist the weak to climb;  
Time to give a little flower,  
Time for friendship any hour,  
For there is no time to spare  
For unkindness anywhere.

FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

RECEIPTS BY THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.  
FOR JANUARY, 1915

Bequests of Mrs. Frances F. Taber, \$52.49, and Mrs. Mary A. Follansbee, \$750.

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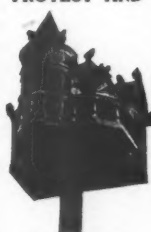
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